

THE Commonweal

A Soviet Threat to the Common Market

Peter Hunter

The Two Africas

Stephanie Gervis

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THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

On the Agenda

THE THING which put the whole world in peril of the abyss only a few short weeks ago, has now, ironically, renewed hopes for world peace. For the firm refusal of the United States to tolerate any further nuclear build-up on Cuba, together with the rational backward step taken by the Soviet Union, re-awakened the world community to the absolute necessity for eliminating the means whereby the world could destroy itself. One rational step backward suggests the possibility of another one in the direction of general disarmament.

In that sense a step in the right direction came with President Kennedy's announcement last week of the end of the current series of United States' high altitude nuclear tests. There are, moreover, reliable indications that the Soviet Union is also about to end its latest series of nuclear tests in the air. If the first step towards workable universal disarmament is a workable nuclear test ban treaty between the Great Powers, the first step to the latter would seem to be such an actual cessation of tests as that in the offing.

In commenting on the end of atmospheric tests for now, the President gave voice to the expectations behind it. "I hope," he said, "that in the next months we can conclude an effective test ban treaty, so that the world can be free from all testing. Agreement in this area would be an important first step toward our continuing goal of workable disarmament arrangements which can cut down the threat of war."

Yet what are the practical prospects for an effective test ban treaty? At first sight they do not seem very bright. Ever since the Soviet Union broke the voluntary three-year moratorium on nuclear testing on September 1, 1961, negotiations for a test ban have been thoroughly stalemated. The United States continues to insist upon "on-site inspections" as necessary to any agreements, while the Russians,

insisting that such inspections are not needed, keep their Iron Curtain closed.

For all of that, Premier Khrushchev and the Soviet Government continue to press for a ban on nuclear testing and claim that they are prepared to offer certain "concessions." There may be reason to doubt their sincerity in this matter. However, Khrushchev's offer to permit inspection teams in Cuba is a concession of a very tempting sort, and should be capitalized upon as soon as possible. That is, whether or not inspections are carried out in Cuba, the United States must now seize the opportunity that the offer of these inspections provides and propose, through the United Nations, renewed efforts to arrive at an acceptable test ban treaty.

IN THE United Nations itself the movement for disarmament and the cessation of nuclear tests is chief among issues before the General Assembly. A resolution calling for an end to all tests by January 1 was just adapted by the Political Committee of the General Assembly. It would be unfortunate indeed if the nuclear powers did not take advantage of the general sentiment of conciliation and sit down again at the conference board despite the atmosphere of stalemate.

The fact is, moreover, that some progress has been made. Only last April Arthur Dean and Valerian Zorin, co-chairmen of the United Nations Committee on Disarmament, reached almost complete agreement on a draft of a treaty preamble which called for cessation of the arms race. In order for that agreement to be pursued further in the days to come, however, each side must be willing, in the words of a shrewd analyst, to prefer the unfamiliar risks of disarmament to the familiar ones of the arms race itself. The recent crisis in Cuba ought to have convinced the world of the preferability of the unfamiliar risks.

The obstacles to disarmament and thus to peace are, of course, more in the political than in the mili-

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tary order as such. Disarmament and a test ban are perfectly feasible from a practical point of view, despite the objections of certain spokesmen for a rigid economy based on military spending. It is rather two views of society that are at odds, the closed and the open. Secrecy seems to be a cardinal tenet of Soviet society; and thus the determined opposition to "on site inspection." For inspection teams would presumably open up Soviet society to all kinds of "foreign influences" and undermine the work of the Socialist revolution.

There is, then, a double problem of disarmament, of which only one is military and practical. The other is the problem pointed up by Ambassador Stevenson in a recent article in the *New York Sunday Times Magazine*. That is the problem of disarming ourselves and the Soviets of fear: ourselves of the fear that the Russians will take advantage of the slightest imbalance of power in their favor in order to "bury us," and the Soviets of the fear that opening up their world is to destroy it. The Russians are far more likely to admit "practical" concessions than ideological, and we must be ready to take full advantage of those for the sake of world peace. Yet, beyond that, in Mr. Stevenson's words, "the road to peace in this fearful generation is the road to an open world."

England's Medical Service

IN THE EYES of many Americans, Britain's National Health Service has been an object of special interest. Faced in our own country with the urgent need to provide better medical care, Britain's experiment in "socialized medicine" has been a natural source of debate. For those who want government support of medicine and medical care, the English program has been taken as a good instance of the value of such support. But for those who have been horror-struck at the notion of government intervention, the English program has been held up as a warning and an omen. At no time, unfortunately, has it been easy to get a clear picture of how English doctors and the English public have evaluated the program.

With the recent completion, however, of a four-year study of the National Health Service by a team of experts drawn from nine British medical associations, a clearer picture is emerging. For one thing, the study included the results of a Gallup poll which showed that eighty-nine per cent of the British public found the Service satisfactory. For another, the poll also provided evidence that most patients did not find that doctors failed to give them sufficient time or attention. From the viewpoint of the doc-

tors, the survey recommended that the patient load per doctor be reduced. It also recommended that some of the administrative tasks be transferred from civil servants to doctors.

Finally, despite recognition of administrative weaknesses and some pressures on doctors, the survey judged the Health Service a success and urged its continuance. Whatever the meaning of the British program for our situation, it nevertheless appears that the holding up of the English experience as a bogey-man has little to support it.

Growth of ETV

SNIPING at the dominant fare offered by the nation's commercial television networks is by now an ancient pastime which appears to have done little to change the character of the programs offered during the popular evening viewing hours. Westerns and crime series, the travail of doctors and nurses (and their patients) plus sportscasts, vaudeville and frothy family comedies demonstrably still satisfy the demand of the bulk of the viewing public for relaxing entertainment. The sharp criticism made by Commissioner Newton Minow may occasionally make headlines but except in the industry are quickly forgotten. Only when the question of granting station licenses or the awarding of new channels arises does anything like a public debate ensue seriously to question the uses to which the limited number of available airways are being put.

But alongside the five hundred American commercial TV stations some five dozen educational stations are now operating. These have no commercial sponsors with advertisements to interrupt or punctuate their programs. Nor are most of these stations able to pay more than a token fee, if that to their performers. They obtain their support from government appropriations, foundations and the contributions of individual subscribers. Many of them are limited in scope and following.

In San Francisco, however, station KQED at one time or another reaches a fifth of the TV audience in the area, according to Samuel Grafton's current series of articles in *TV Guide*. In Boston, station WGBH, with the help of Harvard, does even better by making contact with a third of the potential local audience. In the Chicago area the programs of station WTTW reach some two and a half million viewers, and its science programs and offerings of classical music are said to be extremely good.

Educational TV in any major sense is a latecomer in the New York area, but this fall station WNDT over Channel 13, is making up for lost time. From Monday through Friday evenings it presents a pro-

gram that for variety, depth and quality is offering more and more of a challenge to the major commercial networks, whose cultural offerings are largely confined to extension courses given at dawn and special features on Sunday afternoons.

Actually, all the New York commercial stations lumped together have nothing to match the ensemble which Channel 13 puts on in a single five-day week as can be illustrated by its schedule from November 5-9 which includes: an hour panel discussion on T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland"; a two-hour presentation of four Chaplin films; presentation followed by immediate discussion of several short plays; the problem of Overkill; a comparison of South Africa with our South; studies of Oscar Wilde and Piero della Francesca; lessons on photography and art and classes by Pablo Casals and Lotte Lehmann; an hour on dropouts and school guidance; an outspoken debate on Cuba policy; a projecting by leading journalists of the future of the press.

If a catalogue such as this provides no guarantee of one of the higher Trendex ratings, it does serve as a spur to commercial broadcasters, who are becoming increasingly uneasy about the progress of this new competitor. If features like these tend to have a strong appeal primarily for the already-educated, they also demonstrate that Educational TV can be a compelling instrument to induce all sorts of viewers from time to time to lift their sights.

The Future of the *Index*

IT IS BY no means easy to speak with any certainty of the topics upon which the Second Vatican Council may eventually touch. Some areas—the liturgy, the episcopacy, Canon Law—are far more certain to be given full attention than are others. Among the less obvious matters, however, there is one which has a special importance: the *Index of Prohibited Books*. Yet its importance as a potential topic of debate does not lie exclusively in the urgent need that the *Index* be reformed. Quite apart from the special provisions of the *Index*, it has always stood in the eyes of many as symbolic of the Church's attitude toward error and its conception of the way error ought to be combatted.

In the eyes of its non-Catholic critics, the *Index* has been taken as evidence of the Church's fear of views and attitudes which oppose its own; its fear, crudely put, of allowing the faithful to confront personally what the Church terms "error." On the other hand, Catholic defenders of the *Index* have argued that a reading of the totalitarian mentality into the purposes of the *Index* misses an essential point. That point, briefly, is that it is one of the essential obliga-

tions of the Church to teach the faithful and to preserve them from whatever might corrupt or destroy their Christian faith. The defenders thus see the *Index* as symbolic of the Church's authority.

In the end, there is no easy way decisively to settle an argument of this sort. The non-Catholic, with the considerable support of history, can hardly fail to see the *Index* in the context of the notorious tendency of all dictatorships to suppress the literature of the opposition. The right to read what one wants has often been the very touchstone of the struggle for freedom from coercion of the mind. Yet the Catholic, who can see that fact as well as anyone else, also believes that the Church does have the right to form the minds of believers with the genuine teachings of Christ and His Church; of necessity, the condemnation of error is a part of that task. However distasteful, the *Index* appears to be a logical corollary of the Church's right to teach.

Thus put, the contemporary Catholic finds himself in what appears to be an insoluble dilemma. Against totalitarian regimes he must do what any other man committed to freedom must do: oppose the suppression of anti-regime reading matter. But as a Catholic he finds himself forced to defend the Church's right to forbid Catholics to read works dangerous to the faith. If the non-Catholic finds this a contradictory stance, many Catholics are no less troubled by the apparent discrepancy.

Yet however complicated the larger issue of the relationship of the *Index* to human freedom, the *Index* as a practical device to preserve faith and morals is beset by a mass of lesser difficulties. First, the *Index* has not been revised for over fifty years. In its present form, the specific books listed are largely books forgotten and out of print. But it also contains many works which are now taken to be great classics of literature by Catholics every bit as much as by non-Catholics. The presence on the *Index* of such books as *Madame Bovary* and *Pamela* only brings the whole thing into disrepute.

Secondly, the crucially central Canon, 1399, which establishes a number of categories of books which cannot be read without permission, seems hopelessly vague and confusing. For the Ph.D. candidate in Canon Law, that Canon provides a wonderful opportunity to exercise his legalistic powers. But the ordinary educated Catholic can hardly be expected to consult Canon Law studies to decide whether he may read Kierkegaard or Reinhold Niebuhr or C. S. Lewis or John Steinbeck; nor can his confessor be expected to provide an answer for every book.

Thirdly, even when the Catholic can decide that permission is needed for certain books because they seem to fall under the general prohibition, the

process of obtaining such permission is sometimes unduly complicated and time-consuming. Moreover, the policies of the various chancery offices are by no means consistent: some will readily grant permissions while others require detailed lists of books to be submitted. Of course, if one lives in England there is no problem: neither clergy nor hierarchy take the *Index* seriously. An American can only gaze at the English scene in wonder.

Is there any solution to all of these problems? Can these inconsistencies be resolved? Concerning the larger issue of freedom and the *Index* it is useful to consider the words of Bishop Mark Gregory McGrath of Panama: "The natural law provides its own index in the conscience, and it might be better if we fell back on this index, with some precision, under the guidance of the Church's moral teaching."

This seems an eminently realistic way of thinking. The Church must continue to guide the faithful. Yet at the same time it appears increasingly apparent that, concerning reading matter, an education of the conscience rather than legalistic prohibitions is the most effective way to accomplish that guidance.

On the more concrete level, there is considerable wisdom behind the oft-repeated suggestion that confessors be granted the faculty to grant permission to read prohibited books. While that change would solve many practical problems, however, it would have to be accompanied by a clarification of the meaning and intent of the *Index* to be a fully efficacious change. What is the place of the *Index* in the contemporary Church? That, finally, is the real question. We can only hope the Council finds time to confront it.

The Two Africas

THE UNITED NATIONS draft resolution calling for mediation in the Cuban crisis by Acting Secretary General U Thant was presented to the Security Council by Ghana and the United Arab Republic. To the casual observer, this might have appeared to be an indication that the countries of both black and Arab Africa are represented in the highest council of world politics—and are there acting as a united and effective third force between the alliances of East and West. But those familiar with the complexities of U.N. politics know that such appearances can be as misleading as the mirages of the great desert that physically divides the nations of black Africa from the Arabs who live in the north.

A better gauge of the present state of African unity was the recent rivalry between Morocco and Nigeria for the Security Council seat now held by the U.A.R. In last month's election of nonpermanent Council members, Nigeria aggressively but unsuccessfully contested the seat that since 1946 has traditionally been apportioned to the Middle East. A *N.Y. Times* story, calling the rivalry the "first open split . . . between black Africans and Arab Africans" in the U.N., brought protestations of unity from both sides. But Nigeria's foreign minister still maintained that the interests of black Africa could not be adequately represented by a North African Arab state; and Morocco's ambassador to the U.N. went on invoking his traditional right to the seat on the grounds that it has always been Middle Eastern, not African.

Both sides may have been genuine in their insistence that there is no sharp African split. Their arguments, however, stand as tacit admissions that, although all of Africa is tied together politically by anti-colonialism

and economically by the need for large-scale technical development, it is subdivided into two distinct cultures—Arab and Negro—which form two different communities of interest. The Islamic countries, for instance, have one common overriding passion in the area of foreign policy—the territorial reduction, if not the complete elimination, of the State of Israel. The black Africans, on the other hand, including Ghana which belongs to the largely Arab Casablanca Group of nations, generally enjoy good relations with Israel. Their great passion is color prejudice and the areas where it is currently causing the most trouble, the Rhodesias and the Union of South Africa, are of far deeper concern to them than the boundaries of Israel.

In fact, the unerasable humiliation and pain of racial discrimination suffered by the black Africans in their own countries under colonial rule has left them sensitive to the same kind of treatment on a national level, bringing charges from some that color is the reason for their continued lack of representation in the Security Council. "What is it," asks the head of one black African delegation, "but a kind of second-class citizenship in the United Nations?" "The white nations are still combining to quietly exclude us," charges an African delegate of the younger, more impatient generation. "Of course there is much more to the problem than our color," he admits, "but don't you think the charge will be raised?"

IN 1946, when the informal gentlemen's agreement on the geographical allotment of non-permanent Security Council seats was reached—providing representation for Western Europe, Eastern Europe, Latin America, the British Commonwealth, Asia and the Middle East—

Ethiopia and Liberia were the only two non-Arab African states in the U.N. Today over one-fourth of the U.N.'s total 110-nation membership is made up of non-Arab African states; and the only one on the Security Council is Ghana, which sits as a representative not of Africa but of the British Commonwealth.

Nearly everyone in the U.N. readily admits that this apportionment is absurdly unjust. They recognize also that the only real solution is the enlargement of various U.N. organs, including the Security Council, by an amendment of the United Nations Charter. Yet while there is general agreement on the need for a charter revision, there is general consternation over the means necessary to achieve it. The cause of this consternation is the price set by the Russians for not vetoing a revision: the admission to U.N. membership of Communist China.

The most optimistic among the Africans feel that the Russians could not hold out indefinitely if sufficient pressure were brought to bear by the majority of U.N. members, including the Afro-Asian bloc. But, according to their strategy, the showdown would have to be worked up to very carefully. When the question of this year's Council election came up, they were reluctant to vie for the Middle-Eastern seat. The course they favored was to build up their advantages of numbers and neutral pressure and—since Charter revision was admittedly impossible in this session of the General Assembly—to force the issue next session.

However, Nigeria's explosive foreign minister, Jaja Wachuku, did not want to wait. If he could not get a Charter revision this year, he would at least fight for black African representation within the framework of the gentlemen's agreement. Because his country is one of the largest and most influential in Africa, he succeeded in pushing through his position. He went after the Middle-Eastern seat on the grounds that since Ethiopia and Liberia were originally included in the geographical area represented by that seat, it should be regarded as a Middle East-African seat. The only reason neither Ethiopia nor Liberia ever held the seat, he maintained, was the numerical inferiority of the non-Arab African states up to 1960.

He conceded that his country supported the U.A.R.'s candidacy in 1961-62 "for the simple reason that the Algerian question was very hot and there was reason for an Arab State in the Security Council." But, he pointed out in a speech before the General Assembly, "The problem which is now facing the United Nations is in Kenya, the Congo, Angola, Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Bechuanaland, Mozambique, South West Africa, Basutoland, Swaziland and South Africa. In all those areas the majority of states, which are contiguous to this territory and to this problem and have intimate knowledge of the problems involved, have decided and agreed that now is the time

for them to have representation in the Security Council in order to be in a position to speak more effectively and represent the interests involved in that area."

NO ONE questioned the justice of his position. But neither was anyone about to fly in the face of the U.N.'s infinitely complex network of political wheeling and dealing. Candidates for Security Council seats declare themselves months in advance, spend the intervening time lining up votes, and by the time of the balloting have the necessary commitments in their pockets. When Mr. Wachuku decided to call the question on African representation, many of his continental colleagues had already committed themselves. The voting for Security Council seats is by secret ballot, but it is rare for a commitment not to be honored. Consequently, instead of achieving representation for a united black African front, Mr. Wachuku not only created ill-feeling among some of the Arab delegations, but forced a situation that split the alignment of the non-Arab bloc, many of whom were previously committed.

Morocco won the election by a vote of 73 to 35 with one abstention. Wachuku claimed that he had the support of at least 21 African states out of 30 (not counting the two principals). But Morocco's ambassador claimed at least ten African states, seven of them non-Arab. Whatever the precise count, the division was there. The fact that the seat was contested at all publicly disclosed the chinks in the all-African front. The last-minute scramble for votes didn't hasten the patching process.

The Africans are aware that their influence in the arena of world politics depends on their ability to function as a unified bloc. The Ghana-U.A.R. resolution on Cuba indicates that their ability to do so is important not only to their own political effectiveness but to the smooth functioning of international diplomacy. Without an imaginative, effective buffer force, the East-West division in the U.N. could become so rigid that the machinery of diplomacy would be in danger of grinding to a halt. East-West ultimatums will not always work and a mediating force must be there to fill the breach.

To ensure this mediating force, there must be full African representation in the U.N. But the Morocco-Nigeria contest has left little optimism among the Africans for an early settlement of the representation problem. They feel that too much of their reserve of political influence and collectable debts, which they could have traded on to push for a charter revision, was wasted in a futile gambit. They are still agreed that revision of the Charter is the only real solution, but how and when it will be achieved they do not even dare to speculate.

STEPHANIE GERVIS

(Miss Gervis has written for the Nation and other periodicals and covers the U.N. for the Village Voice.)

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An Uncertain Future

WHILE the Cuba crisis was at its height, I finally got around to reading "The Catholic Church in Latin America" which appeared in *Look* for October 9. Written weeks ago by senior editor Leonard Gross, the article is naturally far removed from the urgencies of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. confrontation over Soviet missiles in Cuba. Nonetheless, I am inclined to think it provides precisely the kind of broad perspective we need on the long-range problem of Latin America.

"Before most Church members now alive are dead," Mr. Gross writes, "there will be as many Catholics in Latin America as in the rest of the world combined—or there will be few, if any, Latin Americans left in the Church." This is a dramatic way of putting it, but many facts bear Mr. Gross out.

One-third of the world's Catholic population now lives in Latin America—about two hundred million people. By the turn of the century, projecting the amazing figures on population growth, half of all Catholics may be found there, or what Mr. Gross figures at six hundred million. But will these six hundred million be practicing Catholics? Here the prognosis is not good.

Generalizations about such a vast and varied region are dangerous, of course. But although ninety per cent of the people, or even more, consider themselves to be Catholic, Mr. Gross cites a not untypical parish in Argentina where only thirteen per cent of the people attend Mass. Even worse, it is reported that in some workers' parishes in Chile religious practice falls below one per cent.

More than attendance at religious services is involved here. In Venezuela, for instance, it is said that contraceptives are sold openly by street vendors and that half of the users do not know the Church's stand on artificial contraception. And a Maryknoll priest is quoted as finding an almost fanatical concern for Baptism joined to a profoundly cynical view of Matrimony.

All this might sound like a purely Catholic concern. It is that, but it is more than that. If the Spanish tradition in Latin America produces many who do not practice their faith, I suspect it also produces a greater number of genuine mystics than the more pragmatic approach to Catholicism found on the North American continent. But the problem is that this Hispanic tradition is so "other worldly" that is hard to arouse much Christian concern with the temporal order, and this makes it easy for the Castros who will arise.

Religion in Latin America stresses the personal, the I-Thou relationship with God. This is as it should be, but tragically there seems to be little emphasis on the implications of the Incarnation for civil society. Great personal charity can be found, but not enough religious-

ly-inspired men to strive for social institutions which incarnate the justice and charity that should characterize a Christian social order.

There is nothing new about the "mystical" emphasis in the Hispanic tradition. The difference today is that the world is in a state of revolution. The poor in Latin America now know that a better life is possible: they know that insecurity and positive hunger are not inevitable. They no longer accept without question a Church whose practices seem to them to have no place for the possibilities of a better life.

Is the identification of priests with the upper classes a problem? I don't think there is any doubt that it is, for vocations come largely from the educated middle and upper classes. Yet it is hard to see that this can be changed in the immediate future, and tremendous effort will therefore be required if the Church is not to be identified permanently with the aristocracy.

What seems to be incorrect is the popular notion that the Church in Latin America is a wealthy church. The Church may be identified in the mind of the poor with the well-to-do, but the Church itself does not generally possess great wealth. The Archdiocese of Panama City, for example, owns two buildings, one in which its officials live and one which brings in an income of \$300 a month. Sunday collections average \$20, and the Auxiliary Bishop receives a salary of \$100 a month.

The Archdiocese of Santiago provides an even more striking example. With well over two million Catholics, the Archdiocese has an annual income of only \$165,000. Three-quarters of this comes from donations, one-quarter from property rentals—and nearly half of this latter income will be lost when the diocese's own agrarian reform program liquidates the farms from which the rentals come.

Church leaders are not blind to the possibilities for disaster in this situation. "The problems facing the Church in Latin America must have priority over all others," said Archbishop Dom Helder Camara of Rio de Janeiro, vice-president of the Council of Latin American Bishops. "It is indispensable for the sake of all Christianity. A continent that is Catholic in name must be made Catholic in fact. There is grave danger that the people of Latin America may cease to be Catholic or even Christian."

So urgent is the situation that Rome last year asked every religious institute in America to send ten per cent of its personnel to South America in the next ten years. The problem, then, is being recognized. The big question remains: in many parts of Latin America, do we have ten years?

JAMES O'GARA

A Soviet Threat to the Common Market

PETER HUNTER

KHRUSHCHEV'S recent attack on the Common Market marks a change in Soviet policy which the West cannot take lightly. The monolithic nature of Soviet power has continually placed the West at a tactical disadvantage. However organized by treaties, we have never enjoyed any coherent or sustained unity. Now, as the European economic community has begun to take effective shape, we find the basis of a system of economic (and potentially political) unity with which to confront the Communist bloc. It is only natural that the Soviets should strive to frustrate the emergence of an integrated economic community.

Anxiety over the Common Market has been increasingly evident in the Soviet press ever since the British made application to join the group. It reached something of a crescendo in the week prior to Khrushchev's outburst last May, and the speech moved this feeling of discontent into the aggressive stage. Khrushchev condemned the Common Market as an organization which engaged in "collective colonialism," pursuing policies to maintain the international trade advantages of the strong countries over the weak: "It is precisely such vicious conditions that constitute the essence of the policy of the Common Market towards the national states."

Couched in these familiar terms—protection of underdeveloped nations from the imperialist West—the attack might appear to be a propaganda gambit in the competition for neutral countries. A closer look at the current composition of Communist bloc trade with the industrial West, most particularly with present or future members of the Common Market, indicates more immediate and compelling reasons for Khrushchev's surprising declaration.

Soviet planners and strategists have good cause to fear the successful establishment of E.E.C., and its expansion to embrace most of Europe. In recent years they have grown somewhat dependent on European trade, and they have been able to use these trading relationships to their advantage both as an agent of for-

eign policy and because of their superior bargaining position.

Communist bloc foreign trade has expanded sharply since Stalin's death; from a 1953 low of \$3 billion, foreign trade volume rose to \$8.7 billion in 1960. It continues to increase. The current limiting factor seems to be a lack of exports with which to pay for needed imports (gold exports have been running at a level of about \$250 million for the last few years).

Trade with the industrial West accounts for approximately two-thirds of this Communist volume. Germany, Britain, France and Italy lead the West; their combined volume is about half the Western total. If the countries which have applied for full E.E.C. membership (Britain, Denmark, Ireland, and Norway) and those which have applied for associate membership (Greece, Turkey, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, and Austria) enter the community, virtually all of the industrial exporters to the Communist bloc will be under a unified economic policy.

SOME DISTINCTIONS should be made between the trade of satellite nations and that of Soviet Russia. Satellite trade with the West rose at roughly the same rate as Soviet trade during the fifties, but the rise does not mark such a significant departure from earlier trading patterns. These nations maintained regular trade relations with Western Europe prior to their absorption into the Communist orbit. Their foreign trade increase reflects earlier dependencies on Western Europe for markets and supplies, dependencies which had not been entirely eliminated by integration with the Communist economic system.

Under Lenin and Stalin, Soviet trade with the outside world was sporadic and inconsequential. The early Communist policy of autarky—complete economic independence—led to an enforced isolation from world markets. On two occasions this policy was ignored, both times under pressure; in the early thirties, the Russians bought as much capital equipment in the West as they could afford, and during World War II they took everything the allies could send them.

With the satellites, then, current trade is more a

PETER HUNTER is an American writer who specializes in business and economic matters. This is his first appearance in *The Commonwealth*.

matter of economic stability. With the Soviet Union, trade represents a departure from previous policies; like previous departures it is most likely the result of particular needs which cannot be filled inside the country.

A commodity breakdown of this trade tends to support these distinctions. Industrial raw materials and semi-processed goods account for about fifty per cent of satellite imports from the West; machinery and equipment account for about twenty per cent, the remainder being primarily in agricultural raw materials and food products. Principal satellite exports are food products, raw materials, fuels, and consumer goods.

Close to a third of Soviet Union imports are in the machinery and equipment category; the bulk of the remainder is taken up by manufactured goods and critical raw materials. Principal exports are food and fuels. The satellite pattern suggests a need for business generally, rather than a particular shortage of any commodity category; the Soviet increase seems dictated by a requirement for Western capital goods.

The importance of these machinery imports to the Soviet Union must be judged in qualitative rather than quantitative terms. Imported prototypes help to resolve critical technological shortages in the Soviet economy. From Western markets they are able to purchase productive capacity which simply isn't available to them elsewhere. The most dramatic demonstration of the technological value of Western imports may be found in the chemical industry; imports of chemical production equipment, often in the form of entire plants, have increased tenfold since 1956.

Khrushchev admitted the value of these imports to the U.S.S.R. when he announced that they would contribute to "quicker fulfillment of its program for the construction of new chemical enterprises without wasting time on creation of plans and mastering of the production of new types of equipment." Among the items of major capital equipment which the Soviets were trying to procure during the first half of 1961 were sixteen complete plants for the production of various chemicals including three large urea plants (\$20 million), a nylon plant (\$13 million) and two detergent plants (\$6.4 million).

SOVIET ANXIETIES are not limited to a fear of losing useful markets, nor is this possibility likely to be the principal source of Soviet concern. Their economy can function without this European trade, and the Common Market is in no manner committed to an embargo on Communist trade. The most immediate effect of an expanded and consummated E.E.C., and perhaps the one which causes current Soviet discontent, will be the loss of bargaining advantages and political leverages which the Soviets have enjoyed in this trade.

Soviet trade is conducted on a monopoly basis. A single agency with final and absolute authority controls

all foreign trade and has a considerable degree of control over similar agencies in the satellite countries. This has enabled Soviet negotiators to play one country off individual against another. With this advantage they have been able to extract the most favorable terms guarantee markets for their own exports, and obtain credits. They are also, through the agency of their trading partners, in a position to place pressure on Western Governments to further economic or international policies.

The Ministry of Foreign Trade and the various trade delegations associated with it control all Soviet foreign trade. This organization rather than the interested producers determines the commodity patterns and trade volume. Ordinary commercial interests are subordinated to national and international policy considerations. This unified control of terms and objectives creates conditions of almost perpetual tactical advantage when bargaining with parties in a disparate free market system.

Western companies seeking contracts with the Soviets have no choice of trading partners. Soviet traders, on the other hand, can choose freely among competing capitalists. If a Western businessman demands difficult terms, he risks losing not only the contract under negotiation, but future access to the entire Russian market. Soviet negotiators are usually able to familiarize themselves with such bits of bargaining intelligence as sales backlog, profit margins, local market conditions, and production cycles. Western businessmen know virtually nothing about Soviet needs or markets.

APART from these commercial advantages which the Soviets possess under the present system, Western businessmen must always consider the political reactions inherent in Soviet trade. When political motives are sufficiently important, the Soviets will alter trade agreements to punish or reward a country.

Following the Israeli invasion of the Sinai peninsula in the fall of 1956, for example, Russia cancelled contracts with Israeli companies which called for the delivery of large amounts of crude oil and diesel fuel. Production losses to the Israeli companies concerned ran to millions of dollars. The Israeli Government pro-



ested and the Soviets responded with a note that left no doubt as to their motives: "The cancellation . . . is a consequence of the fact that the government of Israel, by its aggressive actions against Egypt, made the implementation of these contracts impossible." The Israelis contested this action in a Soviet court of arbitration; after months of testimony their plea was rejected.

At the time everyone criticized the usually fair Soviet court, but it is quite possible that the Soviet action would be upheld even in a Western court. The point which Western businessmen must remember is that the Soviet economy, and its trading agency, are subject to overrule by the supreme governing body. Manipulation of trade policies for state purposes can be an even more direct weapon when a country is heavily committed to trade with the Soviets.

Finland is such a country. As a result of reparations agreements deriving from the Finnish war with the Soviet Union, Finland's trade with the U.S.S.R. represented more than a quarter of the country's total foreign volume by the late fifties. In 1958, prompted by a growing unemployment problem, the Finnish Government under Premier Fagerholm began seeking expanded trade relations with the West to limit the extent of the country's dependence on Soviet trade.

As a result of these Finnish efforts, relations cooled between the two neighbors; the U.S.S.R. made more and more difficult trading arrangements. In late November the Soviets began aggressive moves: two million dollars worth of export orders were cancelled and payments on previous deliveries were postponed. This action led to worse employment problems in Finland, and the Finnish Communist Party immediately put pressure on the Government. Less than a week later the Fagerholm Government resigned, to be replaced by a group better able to manage relations with the Soviet Union.

There is nothing mysterious about the Soviet Union's capacity to wield power through manipulations of foreign trade. Actually the Communists are not unlike capitalists in this respect; giant companies possess definitive power over the fate of small companies in the same field. But power through economic involvement is something of a two-way street.

A fully integrated economic community almost inevitably will require a degree of political integration. On the basis of such political organization it is quite possible that the community would choose to act in its political rather than its economic interest. The E.E.C. could do so effectively against the Communist bloc since it would control the great bulk of industrial markets that trade behind the iron curtain.

West Germany's recent refusal to grant large long-term credits to East Germany is a case in point. The East Germans need more goods than they have exports with which to pay for them, and applied for credits to

make up the balance. The Adenauer Government turned down the request, declaring that no major credits would be granted until the Wall in Berlin came down. Problems of face-saving make it unlikely that this will bring the Wall down. However, consider the effect upon East Germany if *every* Western country had placed an immediate embargo on East German trade last August, or better still made it clear in advance that such would be the result of hasty actions. East Germany carries on about twenty-five per cent of her foreign trade outside the bloc—sufficient to make an embargo disruptive.

IN SPITE OF earlier isolation policies, the Soviets have found advantages in foreign trade which contribute both to economic plans and to the implementation of foreign policy, and their control of trade has given them a useful edge in obtaining terms. The Common Market will change much of this.

Certainly, bargaining advantages will be ameliorated when there is no opportunity to play one country against another, and exercise of political leverage may simply hasten the day when the Common Market is a political entity. It is also quite possible that many of the goods that the Soviets now need from the West will not be available in the future; markets in capital goods fluctuate rapidly and there is little long-term value in exporting them to an antagonist. For these reasons Communists will do as much as they can to frustrate or forestall the Common Market.

In view of their current level of trade with Europe, the Soviets are in position to make a considerably stronger challenge to the Common Market than Mr. Khrushchev's speech. They can and will use political leverage to divide the group. There are already rumors that the Italians, who buy Soviet oil and sell them pipeline equipment, have been under some pressure to take a more independent line in European matters. The pipeline exporters are an automatic Russian lobby. For some time, too, there has been agitation for more East-West trade among German businessmen. It will be interesting to see if Adenauer is able to hold the line against such opposition.

The West should consider itself warned. The way for the Common Market over the next few years was not expected to be easy; it may easily turn out to be encumbered.

Maine Coat of Arms

Lobster couchant, gules,
on field of acrid blue enamel;
pennon borne by bony chain-mail rock;
pendent, gulls.

JANE DAVIS

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Film Festival at Venice

RONALD STEEL

EVEN A CINEMA fanatic would have had a hard time squeezing in all the films at this year's Venice festival. During the two-week showing twelve major films competed for the coveted Golden Lion, thirteen others for the best work by a new director and an additional twenty-one were exhibited outside of competition—not to mention the forty-five films shown as a retrospective tribute to the birth of the sound film in America.

There were times when the Palazzo del Cinema on the Lido seemed a cross between a railroad station and a race track, with critics scanning the timetable listings, hurrying from the tail-end of a Garbo film straight into the crest of the French New Wave, and then head-on into the Japanese Middle Ages. Since it was virtually impossible to see everything, one simply had to resort to hunches—shots in the dark, so to speak. Sometimes they brought up happy surprises like the Polish *Noz W Wodzi* (Knife in the Water), and sometimes atrocities like the Mexican *Bandida*. But after six or eight hours a day in a darkened theatre all the plots began to merge into one, and a disloyal yearning for the beach seized cramped limbs and tired eyes.

The quantity of film footage at Venice, however, failed to compensate for the fact that genius was notably absent this year. There were good films, competent films and even original films; some promising new names and some good ideas. But there was nothing which could be described as a cinematic landmark. This may have been partly because the big guns of the cinema—Visconti, Antonioni, Fellini, Ray, Bunuel, Resnais, Truffaut—weren't represented this year. Without them the festival took on a haggard look that was hardly improved when the two most-awaited films—Joseph Losey's *Eva* and Orson Welles' version of Kafka's *The Trial*—were both withdrawn at the last minute because the directors weren't able to furnish completed prints in time. While a couple of cancellations are par for the course at a major festival, these were greeted with a disappointment verging on the mournful.

The absence of big names is really more of an excuse than an explanation for this year's mediocre showing. It seemed as though the cinema itself was in a period

of consolidation, uncertain of its footing and undecided as to its direction. The influence of the great director looms large, but their styles are so intensely personal as to defy imitation. A film in the Antonioni manner, such as Patroni-Griffi's *Il Mare* (which happens to be pleasing to the eye) showed once again that three people on an island don't necessarily make an *Avventura*. Nor do the films of social criticism—whether of the Rossellini or the Visconti school—pose any easy alternative. The Italian *Alone Against the Mafia*, as an example of this breed, fairly bursts with noble sentiments as it relates a man's efforts to achieve justice in a fear-ridden society. But for all that, its disarming amateurism doesn't compensate for its clumsily-handled "poetic" neo-realism. *Alone Against the Mafia* can only be described as well-meaning incompetence compared to last year's superb *Bandits at Orgosolo* or the recent *Salvatore Giuliano*.

WHILE IT WAS hard to draw any one clear line from the mass of films shown at Venice, there was clearly a strong emphasis on using the camera as an objective observer of human phenomena—as a cold, inquiring, generally impassive reporter. In a good number of the Italian and French entries there was a deliberate coolness, an emotional withdrawal from the subject matter, which at its best had the effect of breaking down the intellectual reserve of the viewer and drawing him into the cinematic action. There was, as in the plays of Brecht, a deliberate avoidance of emotionalism in order to achieve an intellectual response. While in the great neo-realistic films of the late forties and early fifties the director seemed to be a warm-hearted social worker, now he has become an X-ray technician.

This is, in particular, the impression one draws from the stylistically superb but nonetheless exasperating new film of Jean-Luc Godard, *Vivre sa Vie*. Godard's probing, morally-neutral camera, used to such surprising effect in the earlier *Breathless*, becomes an instrument by which he peels the surface layer by layer in an effort to reveal a different reality beneath. Operating under the assumption that telling all is the precondition for knowing at least a little, he relates the adventures of a girl who goes from amateurism to professionalism in love, examining his heroine as if she

RONALD STEEL, a frequent contributor, has written on international and cultural affairs for a number of American journals.

vere an insect. The girl, Nana, nevertheless retains a moral purity that transcends the life she leads, and is virtually sanctified, like Dreyer's Jeanne D'Arc, whose death she witnesses in a movie house.

"*Il faut se prêter aux autres et se donner à soi-même*," said Montaigne. This is the theme around which Godard spins a web of existential exploration for a Nana who seeks to understand the meaning of freedom and responsibility. His microscopic camera, however brilliantly employed, never quite brings the spectator to the moral jump he must make into the girl's consciousness. Despite its flaws, this is Godard's most ambitious film and in its cold, cerebral purity, which represents a groping toward a new language of the cinema, was honored by the judges, who had to create a "special prize" in recognition of its obvious originality—after all, you can't give the Golden Lion to a film about prostitutes.

IN *Cleo from 5 to 7*, Agnes Varda employs a technique similar to Godard's, but minus his philosophical overtones. Concerned more with *instants donnés* than with existential perceptions, her peripatetic camera records two hours in the life of a young woman who fears she may be dying of cancer. From five o'clock, when a fortune teller sees death in her cards, until seven o'clock, when the doctor's elusiveness seems to confirm her fears, Cleo experiences an excruciating self-consciousness in which everything she has taken for granted is filtered through the prism of her own dwindling mortality. There is no didacticism and little optimism in the examination of Cleo, but simply a plea for sanity and for the humanization of human beings. Barely in her 30's and one of the few women directors anywhere, Agnes Varda shows great promise in this, her first feature-length film.

Less original than *Cleo* in technique, but direct and honest, *Una Storia Milanese* by young Eriprando Visconti (nephew of Luchino) casts an unsentimental, but understanding, eye at the young rich who are the product of Italy's "economic miracle." A young man and a girl meet, think they are in love and ultimately she becomes pregnant. This sounds like the basic plot for a teen-age drama in the New Wave tradition—com-

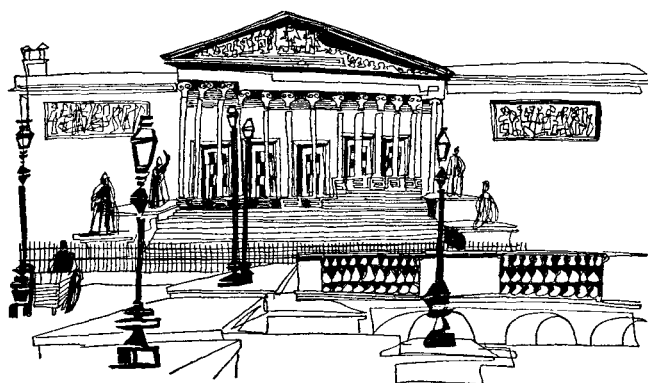
plete with motorcycles, drag races, an all-night orgy, and perhaps a suicide thrown in for good measure. Instead, this is a quiet, unassuming story of well-mannered young people who have learned to take economic abundance for granted, who lead elegant but unostentatious lives, and who try to achieve a kind of dignity in a life they haven't learned how to control. Ordinarily sure of themselves, the couple are often betrayed by their emotions and pulled into situations they do not comprehend. In what is neither a happy ending nor pathos, the love affair doesn't break up; it simply disintegrates into mutual incomprehension as two strangers face each other on a traffic-clogged Milanese street corner. There is no optimism, no war between the generations, but only a curiosity that surmounts cynicism as the characters try to reconstitute their lives. This is not a film which will please everyone, but it does capture the quality of its generation with a rare sensitivity and objectivity.

At the other end of the social scale is *Mamma Roma*—Pier Paolo Pasolini's quasi-poetic examination of life in the Roman slums. Mamma Roma is a whore (what else?) who decides to mend her ways so that she can help her teen-age son find an "honorable" place in life. But it can never work: the son discovers his mother's past, turns to crime in disillusionment, and Mamma Roma ultimately falls back on her old profession.

A social critic with a conscience as big as all Trastevere, Pasolini chastizes the bourgeois world for creating a proletariat and then depriving it of dignity. Adopting middle-class values, the poor only betray themselves and become victims of an order they are unwilling to challenge. This, roughly, is Pasolini's position, but it is constantly muddled by his inability to view his characters without romanticizing them. As a result, the movie has a basic flaw in the plot: either Mamma Roma is right in trying to shake loose from her past and find "honest" work for her son, or else the son is right in becoming a juvenile delinquent, since the social order is so corrupt. Somebody ought to tell Pasolini that he can't have it both ways. Idealizing the Roman sotto-proletariat only leads to a sentimental mushiness that drowns his social criticism. While most of the actors were drawn from the streets (social realism?), Pasolini made the understandable mistake of casting the magnificent Anna Magnani in the title role. Unfortunately her exuberance so dominates the film that one knows Mamma Roma could never be defeated by anything so trivial as the capitalistic order. Pasolini still has to learn to extract himself from his material, but he has made considerable improvement since last year's overly-praised *Accetone*.

ON THE OTHER hand, realism went completely by the boards in Franco Rossi's *Smog*, which in fact opened the festival. An account of the adventures of an Italian

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lawyer who meets his fellow countrymen on a visit to a surrealistic Los Angeles, *Smog* is a fable of the corruption of the Old World by the New. While the theme is a promising one, this film is marked by such an all-consuming contempt for every aspect of American life that it becomes a caricature of itself—out of key both with America and its excesses. A bare touch of objectivity might have brought a more penetrating judgment.

For the most part the Russian film *Men and Beasts* (directed by Sergei Gerasimov) managed to escape this pitfall even while comparing today's Russia with the capitalistic West. Burdened with a minimum of propaganda, it is a gentle and compassionate plea for understanding which relates the efforts of a former Russian prisoner of war to make peace with himself and his society. Returned to Russia after many years in Argentina and Germany, the protagonist remains an exile among people who have little time for his self-doubts and his pride. Marred by excessive length (more than three hours) and interminable flash-backs of life in the West, which really form another film in itself, this is nonetheless a compelling film which marks a new spirit of artistic freedom in the Russian cinema.

The ten-man festival jury, however, seemed torn between a desire to encourage the de-Stalinization of Soviet films and an inbred fear of honoring anything cinematically old-fashioned. Instead, they compromised by ignoring Sergei Gerasimov's film and awarded half a Golden Lion to *Ivan's Childhood*, the other Russian entry. (Other reasons for this choice are known only to the judges.) Perhaps they were charmed by André Tarkovsky, its thirty-year-old director; perhaps they felt it was the Russians' turn to win a prize; or perhaps they just liked trees (which appear in virtually every scene).

This tale of a twelve-year-old boy whose childhood is corrupted by war and who becomes a victim of a destructive passion is competently told and well-filmed. To say any more would be pure charity. While the simplicity of the story is its virtue, it is drowned in soporily sentimental flash-backs to Ivan's blissful pre-war childhood (this is a big year for flash-backs in Russia) and by the most self-conscious "poeticism." Tarkovsky may not be the most talented of all directors, but he is probably the most disarming. When asked by the critics what he thought of his film, he said he didn't much like it. That kind of frankness deserves some kind of prize, but not the one he got.

After some seven hours of deliberation to choose a prize winner, the judges assuaged their doubts by splitting the Golden Lion between *Ivan's Childhood* and Valerio Zurlini's *Cronaca Familiare*—perhaps under the assumption that two mediocre films equal one good one. This merely dramatized their dilemma. Zurlini's film, while dripping with pathos, skillfully relates an account of two brothers separated by poverty, reunited,

and irrevocably separated again by the death of the younger. It is a loving version of Vasco Praolini's autobiography (published in America as *Two Brothers*)—but perhaps a little too loving, for despite the superb color photography and fine performances by Marcello Mastroianni and Jacques Perrin, it retains a static, literary quality that never quite makes the difficult transition from the written word to the visual image. At least a half dozen other films were as good as the ones chosen, and a few were better. It would have been wiser to have kept the prize in storage. There is, after all, no law saying it has to be handed out every September, like interest payments on the national debt.

A certain static quality is equally evident in George Franju's rendition of *Thérèse Desqueyroux* from the novel of François Mauriac. Solidly in the tradition of the French classical cinema, it stakes out no new paths and remains deliberately literary. But this is also its strength, and it proved that there is still a place for this kind of film even in a post-Marienbad world. Emanuele Riva's luminous interpretation of Thérèse did at least win her a well-merited prize for the best female performance.

ANYONE WHO wonders why American films never win any prizes at foreign festivals has only to consider the representatives. Six American films were shown, two of them—*Lolita* and *Birdman of Alcatraz*—competing for the Golden Lion, and all of them presumably chosen by somebody as a good example of the American cinema. (My only fear is that they were probably right.) For the most part these entries—which ranged from the merely competent to the totally abysmal—were marked by a pedestrian conventionality, a blatant commercialism, and a blissful ignorance of cinematic originality.

The worst of the lot was the eagerly-awaited *Lolita*, trailing the enthusiastic reviews of the American press and parading the heart-shaped sunglasses of its heroine on every billboard. While one expected a travesty of the novel, no one was prepared for nearly three hours of stupefying boredom, for such a banal script, such incomprehensible casting, such miserable acting and such incompetent direction. James Mason's Humbert



seemed more Mr. Normain Maine, and twelve-year-old *Lolita* was mysteriously transformed into a twenty-year-old movie magazine starlet.

One could hardly imagine what was supposed to be shocking about the tedious adventures of this perfectly common, though nauseating, couple. Injury was compounded by Shelley Winters as Mrs. Haze from the Bronx, and by Peter Sellers once again going through his grab-bag of amateur hour imitations. A triumph of Hollywood commercialism, this film version of *Lolita* epitomized the vulgarity and tastelessness which was in the first place the object of such merciless satire in Nabokov's novel. Its direction was perpetrated by Stanley Kubrick, whose incomprehensibly high European reputation (based on the mediocre *Paths of Glory*) seems finally to have been put to rest.

The other major American entry, John Frankenheimer's *Birdman of Alcatraz*, was a competent if conventional job which earned Burt Lancaster a prize for the best male performance, thereby saving Hollywood the embarrassment of going home totally emptyhanded. Although I missed it at its 9:30 A.M. showing, Frank Perry's low-budget independent *Lisa and David*—an account of two young people in a mental hospital—was well received by the critics, and shared a prize with the Argentine *Los Inundados* for the best first work by a new director.

More interesting for its promise than its performance, Venice this year unveiled no works of genius. But there were some hopeful signs of life from young directors—which indicated that neo-realism, both the poetic and the cold variety, may be making a comeback.

LETTER FROM HAITI

All Saints' Day

*L'argile rouge a bu la blanche espèce,
Le don de vivre a passé dans les fleurs!
Où sont des morts les phrases familières,
L'art personnel, les âmes singulières?*

Paul Valéry

Guedé Nimbo, it is your week.

The frangipani the flamboyant stir.
Flakes of sun in a ragged flight?
Yellow butterflies!

It does not look to me as though it were your week.

On the maupous' roots, the seisal fields, the cane
(I can see for a hundred miles) the Haitian sun
presses its flame.

All Saints. All Souls. My dead are stirring too.
All souls, all saints. What of my dead,
Guedé Nimbo?

They stir in my blood in the cells of my brain in the
sac
of my heart. And all my saints, my saints are gathering
in their silence.

It does not look like the week of the dead.

At home the leaves hush in the cold rain, the brittle
whisper of leaves hushes under the cold fine touch.
Death is evident.

The graywhite stones under the graywhite sky

are wet. The city of the dead within the city
gathers and waits.

The names the dates like a token a whisper full of
nothing
but meaning; they invite the memory, that injured
ghost;
memory is summoned.

Here there is no need for the dead to summon.

They are always here though the green verdant green,
name, cape, valley
of green burns in the sun and the lizard—his black eye
set in turquoise—

shrunk from the giant past, like a toy jewel
flashes and stops, and the rose swags of bougainvillea
glow; Guedé Nimbo

you are a stranger to me. But you are here.

Tonight while the cocks crow in the dark and the roped
dogs hurl
themselves snarling, under thumbs, fingers, the blows
of palms, the drums
your drums will drum

tonight, far from the raw clay of another country
I shall say in the dark O holy Saints . . . To those we
have touched
death occurs.

On this one thing we can agree, Guedé Nimbo.

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II

In another country on another day the brittle bones
whispered of pain
like leaves. Love touched the bones under the light dry
skin and with its hand
shadowed the eyes.

The resolute heart beat beat; beat, drumming the dif-
ficult breath.
Deep in the eyes deep deep flicked knowledge and went
out and came
a flick of answer.

It was night outside; outside there was wind.

The shadow of wings of the dark wings defined the
lamp.

The heart beat beat; beat, the breath stirred the light
bones in the lamp's
raw circle.

The little skull locked in its shell all secrets;
it was the heart's affair to beat, and so it did once more
once
more; once more.

And then on an exact and delicate balance
something fled—on a sigh, the smallest sigh
under the very fingers.

Suddenly the heart beat hard once and the breath
raised the dead breast. This was mechanics this was
nothing.
It was gone. The exact and delicate balance tipped.

One instant the treasure was there alive with mystery,
inestimable; unique, unique, unique. The next clock's
tick
was to a thing.

Things are disposed of and this was disposed of:
the earth was breached again. All souls. All saints.
The city of the dead.

The clay was breached. All souls. All saints. *In those
days
I heard a voice from heaven, saying to me, Write
Blessed are the dead.*

The intolerable clay was intolerably breached. *And all
the angels
stood . . . for the familiar shape . . . and the ancients
and the four
living creatures . . .*

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All souls witness, all saints assist, the clay was breached
. . . *saying
Amen. Benediction and glory and wisdom and thanks-
giving and honor
and power.*

This was on another day in another country.

III

All souls. All saints—there is a turning in the air
a veil, like smoke of pearls, dissolves in the sun's flame.
Darkness is coming.

Your travesty I know: high hat, cigar, white shirt,
your skewed cross, faceless face; hungry and faceless
saying
your syllable.

In the night hills Guedé Nimbo your drums will speak
it: to-those-we-have-
touched, to those we have touched, to those we have
touched death
occurs.

We have a quarrel but it is not this.

The colors go into dusk, the rose into rose, green into
lime
all into dusk: silent and fast the sky sucks them, dark-
ness has them in its
dark filter.

In the blood in the cells of the brain in the sac of the
heart
the knowledge of night filters the dark like smoke;
intolerably
the sky is breached.

Cock and goat feel the dark goat and cock feel how
soon
the drums begin; Guedé Nimbo, Gue-dé Nim-bo
Gue-dé Nim-bo.

The heart beat, beat; beat, the breath stirred.

It was the heart's affair to beat and so it did:
*In those days saying to me, Write . . . O holy saints. All
souls*

witness, all saints assist: the clay was breached.
The night is here. *Benediction and glory and wisdom
in this dark*

Honor neither hungry nor faceless. And, certainly,
power. JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

THE STAGE

When the Real Thing Comes Along

THE IMPULSE toward satire has always had both civic and psychological roots. At the same time as it moves to break up the public mass of congealed untruths, illusions and ritualistic perversions of experience that is the result of a society's refusal to encounter itself, it also tries to effect a psychic freedom, to detach, through the bestowing of ironic consciousness, the personal destiny from the communal one. The process is a reversal of that of tragic art, where the endeavor is to unite the two. All great satire, even its local and ephemeral manifestations, has the quality of rupture and repudiation: we are all in prison, but some of us may refuse to act or think like prisoners.

Whether or not life in Great Britain is really so much more suffocating and circumscribed than it is here, the evidence is clear that English satirists, in the theater at any rate, are currently more active and more talented than our own. Their response to the ponderous continuity and mendacious self-expression of their own Establishment has been multiple, vivid and of increasing velocity. They are having fun, using the exercise yard for subversive capers, sometimes nearly vaulting over the wall. Next to them we are the most docile and pusillanimous of license-plate makers.

Of the two examples of British satire-making now on exhibit in New York (there are really three, but "The Affair" is of course unconscious satire) "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" doesn't do very much to advance the claim that has just been made for our insular cousins. But that is because it is not essentially satiric: a *soi disant* "new-style musical," it goes beyond that to try to be a new art form, a fusion of musical comedy elements, mime, myth and mockery, and it falls considerably short of its goal.

But it nevertheless does a great deal more to break up the monolith of public deceit and communal cliché, the prison atmosphere in which we communicate with one another, than almost any of our own musical contrivances. Created by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley, it stars the latter as Mr. Littlechap, the Everyman of Harold MacMillan's England, and puts him through a series of primarily pantomimic and musical escapades which mount up to a confrontation of the naked simple soul with the contemporary juggernaut.

You can either throw yourself under that or dance on top of it, and the latter is what Mr. Newley, who is a lesser Marcel Marceau, chooses to do. Abetted by a rather wonderful performer named Anna Quayle, who is red-headed, seven feet tall and as limitlessly energetic as the comic principle itself, and by a chorus of tights-encased nymphs whose function is the opposite of its

Broadway counterpart—that is to say, it has an ironic instead of a corroborative one—Newley extracts a good amount of charm and witty commentary from his successive adventures with the *Zeitgeist*. There are some tedious stretches and a central slackness of the bow that shoots mortal arrows, but if you think you can do better with the native genre, try "No Strings," or "Carnival" or that newly risen monument to the *unsatiric* impulse, "Mr. President." (*At the Schubert*)

THE OTHER import is "Beyond the Fringe," and there is no point in even shopping for comparisons; we have been left abysmally behind, "Second City," "Premise" and the rest. In London, this four-man revue seems to have functioned as a vicarious prison-break, and even though its wit, inventiveness, brilliance of execution and elation at simply having been turned loose all operate as a specific liberation for the oppressed British, we Americans can profit almost as much. Bureaucracy, religious cant, academic non-existence, pretentiousness in the arts, the atrocious way in which we publicly discuss nuclear-warfare—these are not, after all, local matters.

A pipe-smoking tweedy vicar offers his solution to the problem of juvenile delinquency: "I want to get all this violence off the streets and into the churches . . ." An ex-theatre-goer complains: "I go to the theatre to be taken out of myself. I don't want to see lust and rape and incest. I can get all that at home." A political commentator remarks that "Bertrand Russell ought to go back to thinking—and stay out of politics." (A number of reviewers missed the joke; it is politics that is being satirized, not old Bertie.) And a member of the non-Establishment reflects that "I'd rather live in great luxury than great squalor. I've been after the trappings of wealth but I have the trappings of poverty. Must have got hold of the wrong load of trappings."

But it is as an ensemble that the four men, all in their twenties, who wrote and act in "Beyond the Fringe" are at their most magnificent. Under a sign that reads "What about the Hundreds of Survivors?" the Civil Defense Commission lectures to the public. "The important thing is to be out of the area where the Bomb drops. Just get out of that area. If you're out you're well out, and if you're in you're very in." And when a pale citizen inquires as to the resumption of normal public services after the nuclear holocaust, he is told they will be quickly resumed, though of course on a skeletal basis.

There is a brilliant, if a little overdrawn re-creation of the last war—"1939. Walt Disney had done it again with *Snow White*!" And there is the most splendidly antic parody of Shakespeare productions, culminating in a duel and death scene of epical comic proportions, the final turn of the screw being the lament over the fallen lord, "Oh Saucy Worcester!"

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But almost everything about "Beyond the Fringe" takes us a long way from what we have been used to. To these four young men—Allen Bennett, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore (a masterful comic musician) and Jonathan Miller, who is, if one can be singled out, the richest presence of the evening, we owe an enormous debt of gratitude. Unless we owe it first to that stifling social reality of contemporary England which has, by reaction, produced them. (*At the Golden*) RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

They're Hanging My Saintly Billy

IT IS LIKELY, when the tallies are made in late December, that "Billy Budd" will turn out to be the best and most important picture of the year. Handsomely photographed in black and white by Robert Krasker, and expertly acted by an outstanding cast, it vividly stirs the imagination and conscience with its ever-challenging theme about the conflict between good and evil.

Perhaps one of the strangest points in connection with "Billy Budd" is that it has never been filmed before. But several of the background items concerned with Herman Melville's fine short novel are unusual. Melville was still polishing his unfinished manuscript when he died in 1891. The book was not published until 1924—and then in England. It has been made into a play and has appeared on TV; and twice it has been the source for operas. Now comes the film version—and we are fortunate that movie-makers waited for producer-director-writer and co-star Peter Ustinov to turn out this superb "Billy Budd."

Readers familiar with the original novel will realize that Ustinov's script (which is also based on the play by Robert Chapman and Louis O. Coxe) has made several changes, mostly in the way of illustrations that help to clarify the characters and add action to a plot that is otherwise largely exposition. Claggart, the sinister and twisted Master-at-Arms aboard the *Avenger*, the British man-of-war that is the setting for most of the film, is even more sadistic than Melville painted him. Robert Ryan is excellent in this role, catching the almost inexplicable force of evil as he enjoys the floggings he oversees, disdains Billy's innocence, and looks with suspicion and envy on the angelic young sailor's beauty and *joie de vivre*. In spite of the script's omissions from Melville and expansions of incidents, the movie has caught extremely well the main good-versus-evil theme and the rigidity of codes that necessarily dominate our lives. The movie has also captured many of the Melville symbols—without screaming every time one is put across.

The time is 1797, shortly after the British Navy mutinies at Spithead and Nore. Great Britain is at war

with France. Billy Budd, an extraordinarily handsome and well-liked sailor on the merchantman *Rights of Man*, is impressed from that ship by an officer from the H.M.S. *Avenger*. In no time, cheerful, healthy Billy is again the favorite with his new shipmates—and with the captain. Typical of Billy's frank enjoyment of life and naive contentment with his lot is his sweet-sad farewell to his former friends ("And good-bye to you too, old *Rights of Man*") and his anticipation of happiness on the warship. But Billy, the frank, unself-conscious, kindly lad whose only imperfection is a stutter when aroused, is entirely unprepared for the cruel and evil Claggart. Since Billy's is the key role in the story, credit must go to the producer-director Ustinov for selecting newcomer Terence Stamp for this important part and for guiding the young man in his eminently successful portrayal. Stamp makes the blond, handsome, innocent Billy believable and without any trace of sissiness. (I was all the more impressed with his performance and portrait when I met Terence Stamp recently and found him a dark-haired Englishman right out of the angry-young-man school.)

It is also to Ustinov's credit that he cast himself as Captain Vere, an extremely difficult role that he plays to perfection. Vere is a bookish man, earnest, withdrawn, but a capable fighter and dedicated to duty. Although in reading Melville one would not visualize Ustinov's amiable countenance and comfortable figure, Ustinov succeeds in making the captain the warm fatherly person who is drawn to Billy, the strict disciplinarian who must condemn him, and the anguished dispenser of fate who realizes that Claggart was "struck dead by an angel of God—yet the angel must hang!"

After the evil Claggart accuses Billy of fomenting mutiny, the unbelieving Captain confronts Billy with his accuser. Dumbfounded Billy starts to stutter out a reply. He can't. He strikes at Claggart. And the Master-at-Arms, taken unawares, falls, hits his head, and dies. The drumhead court-martial which follows is extremely moving. Vere and the three other officers realize Billy's innocence and accidental killing. But Vere insists that heart and conscience must yield to the code and that Billy's killing of a superior officer is a capital crime that demands prompt infliction of the penalty. Billy is con-

AN APPEAL: The Beaver Indians, a small tribe living near the Alaskan highway, are threatened with extinction. Simon Flinn, a teacher in the region, seeks funds to set up self-supporting projects there. The first is for boys and girls over 16, and commercial outlets for the handicrafts he envisages are already arranged. Gifts to get this self-sustaining project started may be sent to Simon Flinn, c/o Mount Saviour Monastery, Box 3066, Elmira, N.Y.

victed and sentenced to be hanged in the early morning watch.

"Billy Budd" has many moving scenes: Billy's defense of a sick shipmate, Billy's efforts in a long conversation with Claggart to help the lonely, unhappy petty officer, the trial scene in which the code and discipline win out over justice, Captain Vere's touching farewell to Billy, and, most of all, the hanging scene itself—one of the most impressive I have ever seen in a movie. Director Ustinov has done a masterful job throughout. Supporting the fine leading actors are Melvyn Douglas, as a Danish sailor, a sort of voice of doom, Ronald Lewis as the sailor whom Billy tries to help, John Neville and Paul Rogers as officers, and many others in this all-male cast.

It is not often that a movie combines exciting action with thoughtful themes as effectively as does "Billy Budd." The beautifully-photographed ships and the seascapes add considerably to the whole picture; and the menacing Claggart and French ships add to the suspense. But it is the main theme, a microcosm of life itself with its war between good and evil, that sustains the chief interest in "Billy Budd." It is a film which I wish would be seen by all censors who insist good must win out before the finale. Angelic Billy is hanged. Wisely, the film makes no attempt to compare Billy, as so many of the novel's interpreters do, with the Christ-figure. But perhaps at the end, the film, like the novel, is saying good does win. Billy's final words are unforgettable: "God bless Captain Vere!" PHILIP T. HARTUNG

Children's Books

Books for Peace

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

"SCIENCE BOOKS! Science classes! Children must have more science if we're to keep up with Russia and maintain peace." That's been the cry in recent years.

Children love science, from the day they chase their first butterfly. And the arms-space race with Russia has had one good result—some excellent science books, particularly for younger children. Writers are learning to think down to the beginner's level and make facts clear and lively.

However, I doubt very much if science books are our most urgent need. We must train scientists, yes, for preparedness for war helps prevent war. But far more important is preparedness for peace, and to have lasting peace we need to understand not atoms but people. Children need good books about people more than ever before. They need stories, biography, history, social studies of all kinds.

I put story books at the very top of the list. A really good story will tell a child a great deal about himself and about human relationships. Great stories are not written every day, but the public library is full of old favorites. And listed on the next pages are some of the better children's stories published this season. Special

praise goes to Harper & Row. All the stories on their fall list, from picture books up through teenage novels, have real insight and are usually well-written and designed.

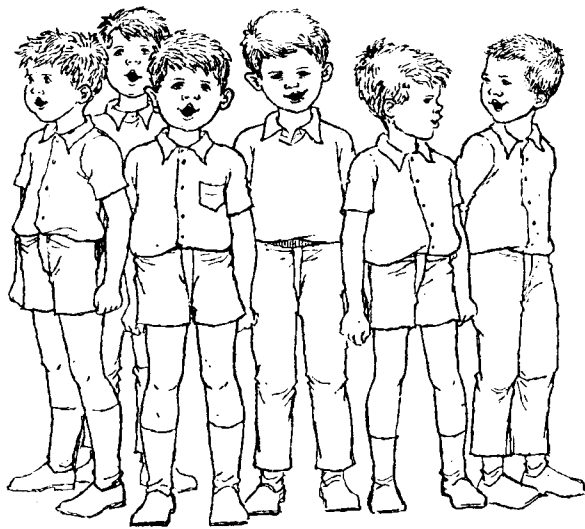
There would be a larger number of good stories for children if educators would stop worrying about what is "good for children." There is too much whitewashing of life. Children must grow up knowing and accepting life as it is. It is man's weaknesses and limitations after all which cause the very problems children will have to deal with. And man's greatnesses, his dreams and courage and kindness, seem far greater when seen against an honest background.

Some of the best stories this autumn are laid in other lands, which is good luck, for an understanding of other lands is essential to world peace. Certain stories, especially those written by Americans, emphasize the foreign customs and cultures and promote a respect for differences. Important though this is, perhaps the most valuable foreign stories are those written by the foreigners themselves. In these, as background is taken for granted and the plot is all-engrossing, it is the sameness of all peoples that comes through. What child would consider going to war against the land of Peter Pan, Christopher Robin and Mary Poppins? Certainly Pippi Longstocking was the best ambassador Sweden ever sent!

Books by foreigners are few in number as publishers

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES has had wide experience in the children's book field, as a librarian, editor, book reviewer and parent. For many years with the Viking Press, then Abelard-Schuman, Mrs. Graves is now a free-lance writer and children's books editor for the Garrard Publishing Company.

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From "Children of Noisy Village" (Viking Press)

are afraid they won't sell well. This is a shame as it's only the best foreign books which are translated. Help the publishers to bring out more. Buy the books, ask for them in your public library, read the first chapters aloud so your child will hurdle the surface strangeness.

Try out some of the gay new foreign language primers with your children too. These make language fun and easy and indirectly give the flavor of the foreign land.

NATURALLY, stories are not enough if we are to understand other nations' aims and problems. Children need good nonfiction too. There are many well written histories of European nations, indeed interesting civics books about all the countries we're friendly with. But there's a shortage of juveniles about the "cold-war countries," the very countries we need to know more about. Indeed there are hardly any recent books on any age level about Russia. Therefore it's a pleasant surprise to find some excellent teenage nonfiction on Russia this fall: *Russia under the Czars*, a concise, vivid history by Henry Moscow, published by American Heritage; and *Slavic Peoples* by Thomas C. Chubb, published by World.

I am happy to say that children's writers and editors have been paying attention to the new African nations (though it makes one ashamed they are not devoting equal attention to the Negroes right here at home). There are various good books on Africa, many with handsome photographs. There are also some excellent new titles on the Orient. But we need still more good books on Africa, Asia, the Middle East and now, especially, Latin America. It's nations in a state of flux, nations with problems, that our children will be dealing with in the future.

Children must know American history too. Here there are many excellent books to choose from. The American

Heritage Publishing Company is to be congratulated for the series they have introduced in recent years giving a thrilling panorama of American life through text, photographs and fascinating old prints. These are books children and grownups can share with enjoyment.

Biography is a good way of introducing a child to history as the better modern biographies read like a story. The past comes vividly to life. The courage, dedication and imagination of the early settlers and statesmen makes one humbly proud of one's heritage.

There are many thrilling biographies of military and naval heroes, too many perhaps, for children can mistakenly get the idea of war as a Boy Scout Jamboree. A series entitled "Heroes of Peace" would undoubtedly fall flat. However, indirectly, the biographies of the greatest statesmen are biographies of fighters for peace. Franklin, Jefferson, Lincoln—they all knew war, yet to them peace was all-important.

If peace is to be appealing, we can't be preachy about it. The books I recommend don't paste on their morals, but let the event, idea, character speak for itself. Even books on religion should not be preachy. There's an unfortunate tendency for religious books to "talk down" in a manner children resent. Unfortunately, also, many of the juvenile religious books are poorly written and designed. People seem to have the mistaken idea that a religious subject will automatically elevate the writing and art. Don't give your child a third-rate religious book just because it's new. Give him the Scriptures themselves in all their beauty.

Good writing is terribly important, for a child must enjoy reading. Life should be a wonderful adventure—worth saving. Fantasy and poetry, these are as important to world peace as all the "serious" books. The future needs dreams and imagination. The future needs humor too. Perhaps a book full of laughter will bind peoples together better than anything else.

A Selected List of Children's Books

ELIZABETH MINOT GRAVES

CHRISTMAS

The Glorious Christmas Soup Party. Written and Ill. by Linda Hale. Viking. \$1.75.

How the mouse family's guests made their Christmas dinner possible despite calamity. Giving and gaiety in the true spirit of Christmas. A warm, tender story with just the right detail by a talented young author-artist. 4-7.

Baby Elephant and the Secret Wishes. By Sesyle Joslin. Ill. by Leonard Weissgard. Harcourt. \$2.50.

Making Christmas presents—a gentle family story with elephant heroes. 4-7.

Christmas in the Stable. By Astrid Lindgren. Ill. by Harald Wiberg. Coward-McCann. \$2.95.

A little child, to whom the past is too remote, envisions Christ's birth as taking place today in a snow-covered barn. Moving and reverent, both in short, rhythmical text and lovely full-page paintings. 4-10.

The Christmas Manger. From a story by Hugh McCandless. Ill. by Mary E. Little. Scribner's. \$2.95.

A modern, magical story of animals at midnight Christmas Eve. 4-8.

The Animals' Christmas Tree. By John P. Peters. Ill. by Walter Erhard. Walck. \$2.95.

How the selfless lamb and dove saved the animals from strife and made their Christmas tree possible. 5-10.

Celebrating Christmas Around the World. Edited by Herbert H. Wernecke. Westminster. \$3.95.

A comprehensive, invaluable collection of stories, essays, missionaries' reports, etc. of different customary Christmas festivities in all parts of the world. All ages.

RELIGION

All Things Bright and Beautiful. A Hymn by Cecil Frances Alexander. Ill. by Leo Politi. Scribner's. \$3.25.

Music and text happily combined with large, lovely pictures show children's joy in God's creations. 4-8.

Charles De Foucauld: Adventurer of the Desert. By Emmeline Garnett. Ill. by Leo Summers. Farrar. \$2.25.

"Never turn back!" was the motto of

the dashing officer, later a Catholic priest with the Arabs of North Africa. 9-13.

The King's Men: A Story of St. Olaf of Norway. By Alan Boucher. Ill. by Emil Weiss. Doubleday. \$2.95.

A boy with King Olaf battling for a Christian Kingdom of Norway. 10-14.

Knights of the Crusades. By Jay Williams. Ill. with photos, paintings and tapestries. American Heritage. \$3.95.

A fascinating pageant of people and events, richly detailed and illustrated. Ages 12 up and adult.

Arches and Spires. By Alfred Duggan. Ill. by Raymond Briggs. Pantheon. \$2.95.

Christian churches and cathedrals in England from early times to now. A small, attractive book full of anecdotes and interesting details about the changing functions of church architecture. Valuable for ages 10-adult.

PICTURE BOOKS

Mr. Rabbit and the Lovely Present. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. \$2.95.

A knowing rabbit helps a little girl find the perfect present for her mother. A rhythmical text, warm with wise simplicity, and full-page color pictures so beautiful you'll want to frame them, make this the season's most distinguished picture book. 4-7.

Where's the Kitty? Written and Ill. by Ruth Carroll. Walck. \$2.75.

Bobby and his kitty in all sorts of predicaments. A simple, satisfying book with soft color drawings. 2-5.

The Snowy Day. Written and Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Viking. \$3.

How wondrous is the first snow to a small boy! Part water-color, part collage, the sensitive, spacious pictures have rare mood and beauty. A new author-artist to watch. 3-6.

Four Legs and a Tail. By Aurora Dias Jorgensen. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Lothrop. \$2.95.

A gay procession of animals, insects and children and the fun they have with their fins and legs. Bright color. 3-6.

Fuzzy the Tiger. Written and Ill. by Mary Villarejo. Knopf. \$2.95.

A pet tiger follows a boy to school one day. Unlikely but fun. 3-7.

One Bright Monday Morning. Written and Ill. by Arline and Joseph Baum. Random. \$2.50.

There are so many counting books but here is a springtime one with a fresh approach, the repetitive, cumulative "I packed my Grandmother's trunk" type game that children love. Stylized color. 4-7.

The Nutshell Library. Written and Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. \$2.95.

Four tiny books, 3 3/4" high, that are such fun to hold and look at. A counting book, an alligator alphabet, a moral tale and a book of months, all with Sendak's sly humor. 4-7.

The Three Little Pigs. Author unknown. Ill. by William Pène du Bois. Viking. \$2.50.

A delightful old rhymed version that has distinctive humor all its own. The bright illustrations by du Bois have just the right detail, sureness and gay design. 4-8.

Russet and the Two Reds. By Will and Nicolas. Harcourt. \$3.25.

City picture books are badly needed and here is a gay one by the Caldecott Medal winners about a cat, a new girl, and some backyard Indians. 4-7.

When the Wind Stops. By Charlotte Zolotow. Ill. by Joe Lasker. Abelard. \$2.75.

A poetic, earthy reassurance of immortality; nothing really ends but only begins again in a new way. 4-8.

The Meanest Squirrel I Ever Met. By Gene Zion. Ill. by Margaret Bloy Graham. Scribner's. \$3.

A squirrel restaurateur outwits little Nibble out of his Thanksgiving nuts. But then . . . An original, amusing and satisfying story with gentle, woodsy, wash color drawings. 4-8.

Josephine. Written and Ill. by Elisabeth Benson Booz. Houghton. \$3.

A naughty but beguiling pet monkey who thinks she's human. Well told. 5-8.

The Cat Show. By Joan Cass. Ill. by William Stobbs. Abelard. \$2.75.

The town kittens show the proud Siamese that beauty is more than skin

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deep. Grand cat pictures that children and grownups will both enjoy. 5-8.

EASY READING BOOKS

Terry and the Caterpillars. By Millicent E. Selsam. Ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. \$1.95.

An intriguing "Science I Can Read Book" with such a good story and enchanting pictures that even the non-scientific will love it. Humor too. 4-8.

The Best Loved Doll. By Rebecca Caudill. Ill. by Elliott Gilbert. Holt. \$3.50.

A book little girls will cherish. 6-9.

Bats and Balls. By Beman Lord. Ill. by Arnold Spilka. Walck. \$2.95.

A real sports plot, real modern boys, short chapters and easy vocabulary. A big league hit with boys 6-10.

Amelia Earhart: Pioneer in the Sky. By John Parlin. Ill. by Anthony D'Adamo. Garrard. \$2.25.

As tomboy and aviatrix, A. E. was always ready to try anything. An easy-reading story with real substance, drama and style, just the thing 2nd and 3rd graders long for. 3-color pictures. Also new in this series: *Francis Marion*, *Edison*, *Buffalo Bill*.

The Singing Hill. By Meindert De Jong. Ill. by Maurice Sendak. Harper. \$2.95.

Loneliness and delight too for Ray when his family moves to the country. A friendly white horse, a frightening corn field and a fine father-son relationship all play their parts in timeless, moving story by the Newberry Medal winner. Pictures perfect. 6-10.

Mary's Secret. Written and Ill. by Emma L. Brock. Knopf. \$2.75.

Two girls, a tree house and some unexpected excitement. A satisfying, long chaptered story for girls 7-10.

STORY BOOKS

Polliwog. By Arthur D. Stapp. Ill. by Richard W. Lewis. Harper. \$2.75.

A very genuine young boy and his year of fun and friendship as he learns about nature, and himself, in his new home in the country. Wit, warmth and fine terse writing. 7-11.

The Dolls' House. By Rumer Godden. Illus. by Tasha Tudor. Viking. \$2.75.

This beautiful new illustrated edition makes a wonderful gift. 7-11.

A Mystery for Meg. By Elizabeth Ladd. Ill. by Mary Stevens. Morrow. \$2.75.

Thrills aplenty on an island. 8-11.

Dorie of Dogtown Common. By Anne Eliot. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Abingdon. \$3.

A brave girl, a sea-loving boy and the village dogs keep Tory spies from finding the hidden gunpowder. A well told story of the Revolution, rich with atmosphere and human kindness. 8-12.

Mine for Keeps. By Jean Little. Ill. by Lewis Parker. Little, Brown. \$3.75.

Poignant, skillfully-written story of a girl crippled by cerebral palsy who, through helping others, overcomes her fears of being different. 9-12.

The Cat and Mrs. Cary. By Doris Gates. Ill. by Peggy Bacon. Viking. \$3.50.

A knowing cat, a smugglers' cove, a boy and his unpredictable aunt . . . Doris Gates' first book in ages, very different from her others, and well worth waiting for. 9-12.



From "Mickey-Angelo"
(Funk & Wagnalls)

Mickey-Angelo. By Charles P. Graves. Ill. by Aldren A. Watson. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2.95.

Hilarious fun and unexpected adventure as two ingenious Florida boys get in and out of trouble, trying to win the town improvement prize. 9-13.

The Year of the Dream. By Jane Collier. Ill. by E. Harper Johnson, Funk & Wagnalls. \$2.95.

Self-reliance and new understanding of others are unexpected gifts as Wendy's family saves for a boat. 9-13.

FAIRY TALES, LEGENDS AND FANTASY

D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths. Told and Ill. by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Treasure from the ages for the ages—the Greek myths simply retold as a continuous, chronological story and illustrated with superb, large lithographs, alternating pages of lovely full color and black and white. All ages.

The Princesses. Sixteen Stories about Princesses selected by Sally Patrick Johnson with biographical notes on each author. Ill. by Beni Montessor. Harper. \$4.95.

There hasn't been such a satisfying book of fairy tales in some time or such a sensitively designed one either. Witty, original, romantic, these tales by 19th and 20th century English and American writers make a perfect present for girls 6-12 and for royalty-minded grownups too.

Nibble, Nibble Mousekin: A Tale of Hansel and Gretel. Retold and Ill. by Joan Walsh Anglund. Harcourt. \$3.25.

A short version for the many Anglund fans. 5-8.

Mary Poppins from A to Z. By P. L. Travers. Ill. by Mary Shepard. Harcourt. \$2.95.

Alas, not a real story but a short alliterative glossary of Poppins characters and events. Only for those who know Mary P. already, but to staunch Poppins fans any Mary Poppins is better than nothing. 5-10.

Two Too Many: A Halloween Tale. Written and Ill. by Nora S. Unwin. McKay. \$2.95.

Two black kittens unexpectedly help a witch win the Grand Moon Race. 6-9.

Lazy Tinka. Written and Ill. by Kate Seredy. Viking. \$2.75.

A magic spell and some forest animals teach lazy Tinka that God helps those who help themselves. Gay color. 7-10.

Wiplala. By Annie Schmidt. Ill. by Jenny Dalenoord. Abelard. \$3.

American children can now delight in this prize-winning Dutch story about a pixie. Wiplala, who pixilates three children and their father down to his own small size and the ensuing problems, terrifying and humorous. 8-12.

The Diamond in the Window. By Jane Langton. Ill. by Erick Blegvad. Harper. \$2.95.

A highly original fantasy-adventure that includes two modern Concord, Mass. children, all the "greats" of Concord's past, plus three missing persons, one an Indian prince. 9-12.

The Children of Noisy Village. By Astrid Lindgren. Ill. by Ilon Wikland. Viking. \$2.50.

Everyday dramas with six imaginative mischievous farm children in Sweden. "Oh, what a wonderful book!" cried my children. "Must the fun end?" Fortunately not. All children need is some old-fashioned resourcefulness to enjoy life in the same happy way. 7-11.

Carnival in Paris. By Natalie Savage Carlson. Ill. by Fermin Rocker. Harper. \$2.95.

Style, wit and warmth in this story of a French circus family, on the farm and later in Paris. The Flandins' devotion to each other and to their animals will not soon be forgotten. 7-11.

The Story of Tit'bé and His Friend Moufette. By Barbara Bingley. Ill. by Margery Gill. Abelard. \$3.

Lonely Tit'bé, the youngest child in a French-Canadian family, and how the parish priest helps him keep a secret. Woodlore and a timeless style help makes this distinguished. 7-11.



From "The Winged Watchman"
(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)

The Winged Watchman. Written and Ill. by Hilda van Stockum. Farrar. \$3.25.

The deeply moving story of a Catholic family in Holland during World War II and of the courage, love and neighborliness which lit their life despite hardship and terror. 8-12.

A Grass Rope. By William Mayne. Ill. by Lynton Lamb. Dutton. \$3.

Teenage Adam had great powers of deduction but it took little Mary's power of faith to solve the ancient mystery of the local unicorn. A modern, prize-winning British book. 9-12.

Runaway Girl. By Ruth Morris. Ill. by Beth Krush. Random. \$2.95.

VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Author Unknown

Illustrated by

WILLIAM PENE DU BOIS

The classic tale in gay verse with new pictures in color. And such joy when the big bad wolf gets his just deserts! Ages 3-6. \$2.50*

THE SNOWY DAY

Story and Pictures

by EZRA JACK KEATS

Pictures in brilliant color capture a small boy's utter bliss in playing in the drifts. He even saves a snowball "for tomorrow." Ages 3-6. \$3.00*

THE GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS SOUP PARTY

Story and Pictures
by LINDA HALE

All the animals agreed, "It is the most wonderful soup in the world"—perfectly seasoned with the spirit of Christmas. Ages 4-7. \$1.75*

LITTLE OLD BEAR

Story and Pictures

by HILDA VAN STOCKUM

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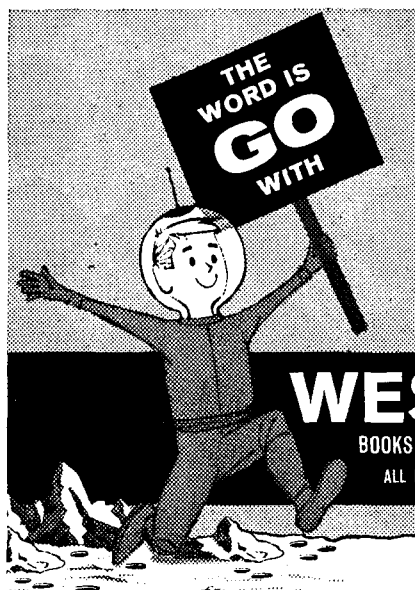
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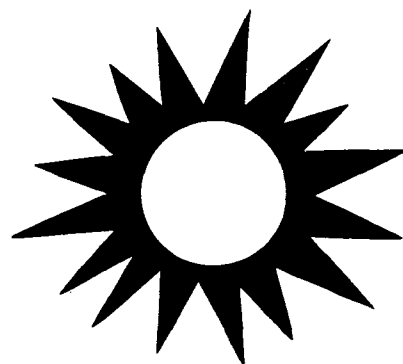
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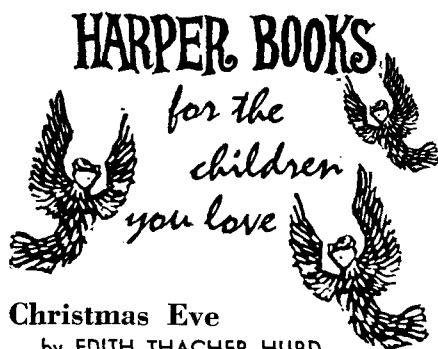
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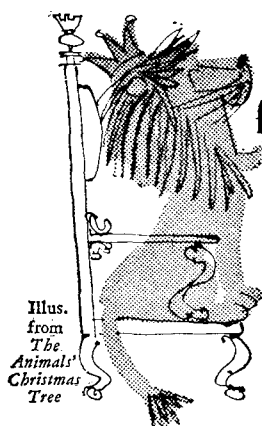
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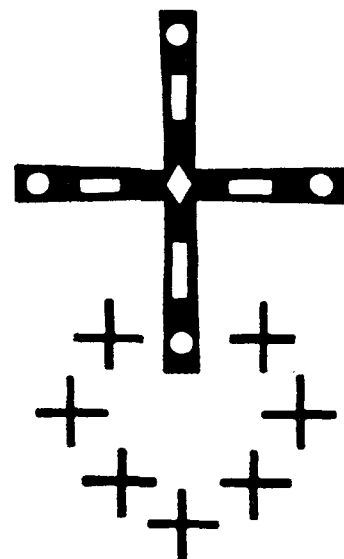
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